

IN A p p r i A T e d A P P R E S S

Anti-



October A.D. 102/2018

LE M JENNE FER A WIST IN

I'm claustrophobic Issue!

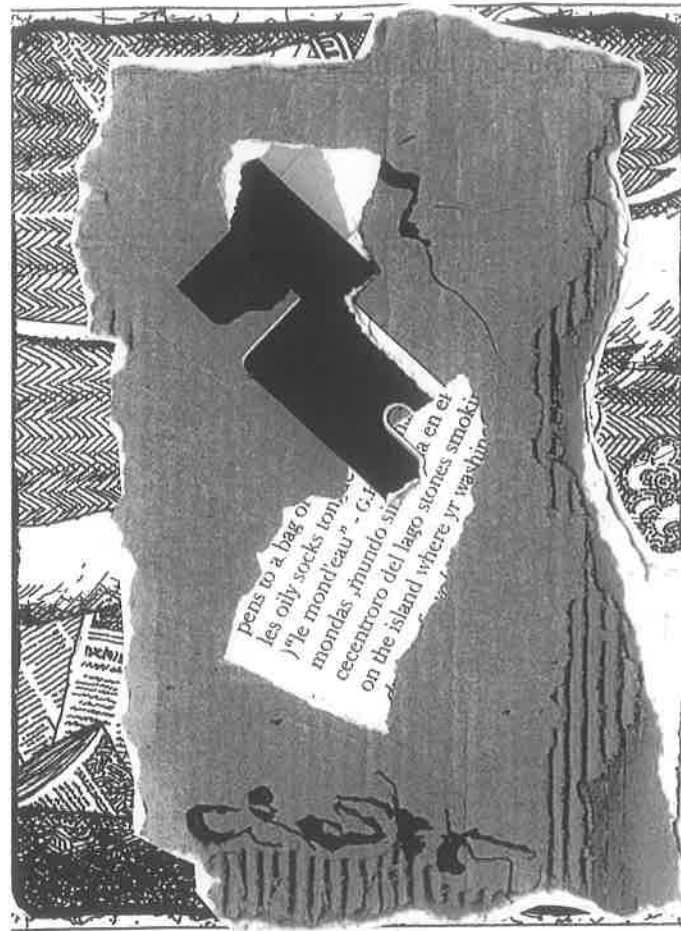
ey calle

The IN-APPROPRIATED PRESS #13

A Zine of Weird Shit & letters'n shit for Roanoke's Anti-Community (shit) and their weird friends around the world

monocle
anti-press

monocle-Lash Anti-Press
A.Da.102 / A.H. 182



Geof Hendricks
1931 - 2018 Passed Into Text

Harlan Ellison
1934 - 2018 Passed Into Text

Chloe Harnett-Hargrove

Published Despite Your Desires to the Contrary
in Roanoke, Virginia

Oct., A.Da. 102/A.H. 188

(2018 A.D. depending on your chronological priorities)

Texas Fontanella

Lord Fugue

Jim Leftwich

Musicmaster

Keith Johnstone

Sir Chad Niral-Nelson

Bradley Chriss

John M. Bennett

Anonymous Blökes

Steve Dalachinsky

Wilhelm Katastrof

Olchar E. Lindsann

Brainiac-tually Speaking...

...this was no ordinary side trip to bonus land.

The reversal of reality had caused me
to flip-out loud! As the cannabinolse slowly broke
the sound burier, I felt as if my mind was
expanding faster than the universe!

The only problem with Delta 9 was its flavor...

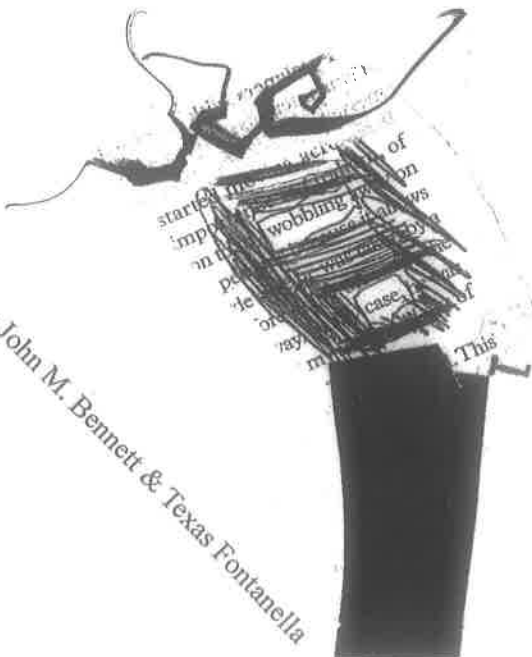
Shortly after I began moving slide-wise
I stumbled into a God damned Pink Panzer parade,
of all fucking things, coming face to face with
the ugliest metro gnome I'd ever seen...
although, to his credit, he was wearing
a cool-as-hell "Omnium Gatherum" tee shirt.

"My name is Heefa Addeloi," he said,
puffing on a corp silk cigarette,
"and you must shake a tower
before she'll give Ma sausage."

I knew right then and there that Captain Fangaroo
had just turned K2 P. Brain scott free...
I cried and cried and cried.

Even mo' sho' 'nuff good ice cream,
liver mutch, and exx.

LORD FUGUE -2nd revision 5/30/2015



by John M. Bennett & Texas Fontanella



APR 20 2018

— by Jim Leftwich & John M. Bennett



by Steve Dalachinsky

for AYLER

IM bi be ebb ib mi
the breath the wild breath
black breath recurrent spirit of X spot
circulating

here carpet black wall BLACK / WHITE
lit stage pale grey black audience

pale white around edges
pale red lights show the flesh
receding toward the back > BLACK
the splotches of white flesh

black walls black music
played by white flesh

wild breath
black healing speaker in black
black as an ancient RIVER

flowing thru a valley of stars
breath black within the free black hole
of FREEDOM
dark as cotton shadows

what is the dress code for philosophy?
what is the dress code for poetry?
what is the dress code of fraternity?
what is the dress code for equality?

by Steve Dalachinsky

John M. Bennett
6.11.18

leaving the drugstore

the shadow its heat a tongue
brief letter E in lightless
grass blank toys and water
mark your buried knives
were heads shapeless ears a
rain map exhales yr book of
windows clocks wheels
sleeping inches from the wall
aphasia's wind speech
worms dancing in a body
box of burning alphabets
silhouettes spin in parentheses
doubled syntax missing your
marble doubt an inky flag dissolves

Recombinant distorted condensation of
Ivan Argüelles' Sonnets 92-100

calavera de maracuyá

hearts and hands skull surround
maracuyá el ojo abierto cómete el
jarabe agrídulce sesos y semillas

blue dress on a line before a
beach is your tongue opening a
door is a rabbit holding a pen the
paper your feet wet

LEN **gg** U A

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s
t
a
da

pinches pliosivivos ddice **gggagar** Ente

mosquito más grande que
mi cahbecita cabecacita

nodarkmatterno **dark** matternodarkmatter
a city floods I buried my face in flowering dung

"UN FUTUR ANTÉRIEUR D'AUJOURD'HUI"

- Yvan Mignot



drowned on the boat a squalling
innertube erases all the letters yr

name not seen a dreaming
phone ,shrieking disappears
into yr pocket sticky coins
rotting passion fruit caconamination

)maintenant(je n'ai que vent de sang

FRANZ'S DELI

At the end of his life Franz Kafka was intending to move to Palestine and open a kosher deli with his girlfriend (her father, a zionist did not approve)...his dream however was never fulfilled, due of course to his overly painful chokingly early demise.. The following is what his menu might have looked like. (All dishes are based on titles of Kafka's stories and, novels.)

Metamorphosis	Stuffed Cabbage
Penal Colony	Kasha Varnishkas
The Castle.....	Triple Decker - Rolled Beef, Grilled Bologna & Chicken Salami
The Trial	Salami & Eggs
A Hunger Artist.....	Hot Dog With Nothing in It
Letter To My Father.....	Sliced Tongue On Rye With Seeds
Judgment.....	Gefilte Fish With Horse Radish
A Country Doctor.....	Matzo Ball Soup
A Fratricide.....	Chopped Eggs & Chopped Liver With Chicken Fat
The Bucket Rider	Chicken In The Pot
The Burrow	Mushroom Barley Soup
The Great Wall Of China	Kosher Chop Suey
Chinese Puzzle	Kosher Egg Roll
Josephine the Singer & Mouse Folk	Side Order of Challah Bread, Pickles & Slaw
The Tower Of Babel	Chicken Fricasse
Mt. Sinai	Double Knockwurst Platter
The Animal In The Synagogue	Rumanian Tenderloin Steak
The Building of The Temple	Bagels & Lox with Cream Cheese
Coming of The Messiah.....	Boiled Flanken
Abraham	Twin Double, Hot Pastrami & Hot Corned Beef On Club
Paradise 1	Potato Latkes with Apple Sauce
Paradise 2	Fresh Delicious Pineapple Kugal, or Blueberry Cheese Blintzes
Investigation of A Dog	Knoblewurst & Liverwurst Platter
Description of a Struggle	Jellied Calves Feet
The Warden of The Tomb	Four Juicy Finger Steaks Marinated In Our Special Sauce With Egg Barley & Vegetable
Blumfeld An Elder Bachelor	A Side of Baked Beans
A Wish To Be A Red Indian	A Side of Red Peppers (Hot & Sweet Mixed)
An Old Manuscript	Halvah
The Green Dragon	Tossed Green Salad

Desserts

Before The Law	Pareve Cheese Cake
The Sirens	Assorted Rugalach
The Invention of The Devil	Chocolate Devil Food Cake

Beverages

A report To The Academy	Chocolate, Vanilla, or Coffee Egg Cream
Parables	Assorted Doctor Brown Sodas

Special of The Day:

AMERIKA	Open Smorgasbord & Salad Bar All You Can Eat for A Shekel ...
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by Steve Dalachinsky



Lessons from Keith Johnstone

How Fundamentals of Improvised Theatre can Help Us Deal with Entitlement and Privilege in Our Revolution of the Every Day

Dear reader,

I'm glad to finally be undertaking this writing project, one that I've been thinking about for some time now. Over the course of the next unknown number of issues of the inappropriated press, I aim to serialise an essay introducing you to the work of Keith Johnstone, the originator of improvised theatre (impro). I believe that his work has the potential to do so much more for us than to help birth an endless number of improvised theatrical spectacles of questionable value. I believe concepts he developed have application off the stage as a set of tools for understanding how power and entitlement are embedded within our everyday use of language, and explain how with some practice we can begin using these tools to challenge everyday power where we find it -- Let's face it folks, the revolution will not be televised, the revolution is already here. the revolution of the everyday is here and it's going on everywhere around us all of the time.

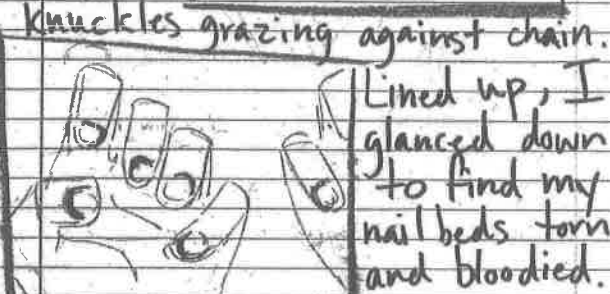
Part 1

Have you ever had someone you know and love, or someone you know and like at least somewhat, or maybe someone you don't really know all that well but that you see fairly regularly (perhaps from work) that you feel vaguely obliged to/are interested in/are dominated by, or someone you don't know at all whom suddenly bursts forth from a crowd during a fringe festival and thrusts a flyer out at you with dramatic flair and awkward dick/vag energy, or perhaps a group of 2 or 3 someones you'd rather not know wearing shabby clothes attempting the barest minimum of what could possibly be called fancy dress, who stand listlessly outside a shitty looking bar on a nondescript, nearly deserted street on a bitterly cold and windy day, whom are incapable of summoning up the proper motivation to invite you inside, but then just as you are about to venture off to somewhere better you notice the sandwich board advertising drinks on 2 for 1 special, and by the time you're inside and have ordered the first drink and gotten your token for the second, you realise to your horror that the local amateur impro group is performing and it's too late to retreat from the ensuing -- what the fuck is it even? It's not exactly acting -- there's no proper timing or staging, the props are imagined -- designed and described to the audience one minute and apparently forgotten or disgarded and walked through the next The best you could hope for as far as content during the show might be something like this: a would be femme fatale speaking with completely unnecessary and very poor accent, a cringe enducing homophobe/racist/sexist goon, and an emotionally vacant aspergers sufferer all standing on stage looking at their shoes mumbling as they attempt to collaboratively generate lines of doggerel. The only good moments come in when there are fuck ups and accidents, like if an impatient slob with a deep brooklyn accent were to suddenly rush in on the scene, declare himself to be Rambo, make *Doof!* *Doof!* *Doof!* noises as he fires off his imaginary .50 calibre rifle at the other players, who stare back at him with dull eyes or confused exasperation until the showrunner comes out to remind the troop's newest player in that overly pleasant singsong voice that his "offer," whatever that is, didn't really fit with the current scene.

Dear reader, have you ever experienced something like what I have just described and lived to tell the tale? When it comes right down to it, the vast majority of improvised theatre is something like one of those adult colouring-in books; an experience that may be enjoyable to the participants, but is not always so great for the audience when you try to share it with them.

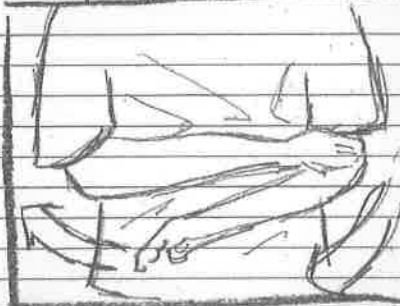
Once in Elem. school I was
Swinging
during
recess. The
ending

Whistle
sounded
and I
leapt
from
the swing
in mid
air,
knuckles grazing against chain.



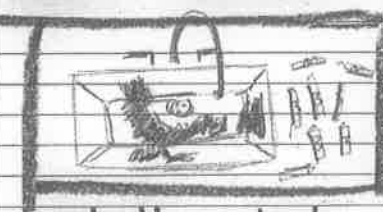
Lined up, I
glanced down
to find my
nail beds torn
and bloodied.

Misplaced pain shot through



my
hands
at that
moment
and all

I could do was turn
around and around in
line to keep myself
under control. Back in



class, I
rinsed
off my
hands

and the slick
carmine shown on the
sink beside the crayons.

by Chloe Harnett-Hargrove

Valley o eeeee

"ore important to know that death is anguish
than that it is horri"

— Paul Kornfeld, 'Epilogue to the Actor'

"x words engineered to resonate
with human cell structures pro"

— Grant Morrison, *The Invisibles*, III, 7.

deep ea valley o, with
bleary teeth iao flat, u
guishy a juniper e o i

slapping flimsy nazgul grease with oyster rovers aaaaa

keen o drilling daath

i yak-block tensed ui

quiver ee uundertone

normally the net squirrel fender metastasizes obtuse iii

pulling uu files a iui e

iaa gurgle o pendulum

i---uu oi i aoi ee---i

cthl frthg wth chtc nrgy

where o ere o porto, u

neerge te ructu, eso a

filbert gnats flummoxing e forge ye beathe or gap ooo

uuu iii uuu iii bluebird

plashing in eee, a soup

— Olchar E. Lindsann

MAP—you

itchy nses

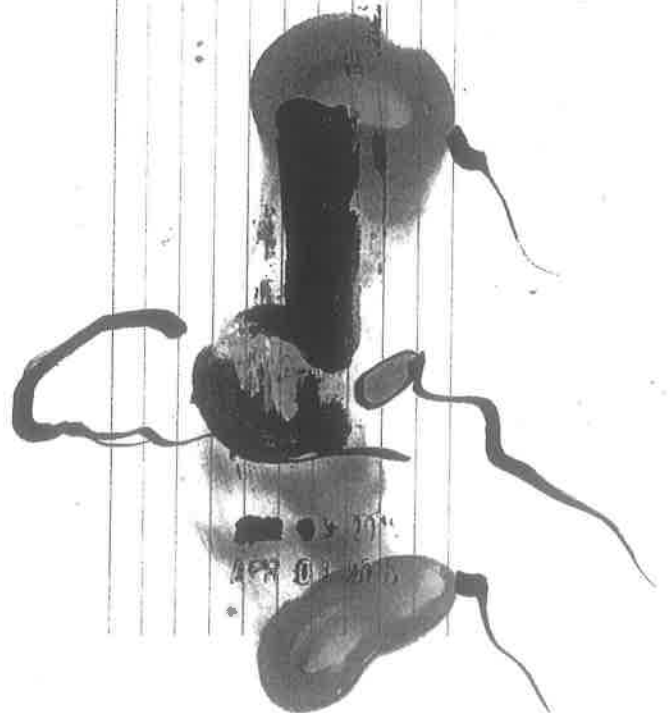
unders—AT

DLCK

JUL 03 2018

— by Jim Leftwich & John M. Bennett

itnaA nuehT
itnaA nuehT
itnaA nuehT



Prophecy of the ending of the District of Columbia and its inevitable zombification:
Or the necessity of art and hoodoo becoming one.

I.
Listen UP!
There was a tremendous fire.
A million smells of an ending wafted up into and onto all of our shit.
As the ground shook, we laughed.
As the ground shattered, we laughed.
As the sky caught fire, we laughed.
We found a million new ways to laugh, as unique as a snowflake and as multiplied as static.

II.
A tremendous reflection that appears as a portal that had summoned itself so long ago, that contains the whispers of so many ghosts, that contains the whispers of so many desires, shattered into three pieces and so was the heart of Columbia seen for itself, but no one could travel beyond the splintered lines of the reflection portal, and our loves sank into tar pits filled with old odiferous insides of tomorrows filled with all of the stank of everything crammed in like a sausage.
As the portal sank into damnable muck of yesternows, we laughed as is our wont.

When we could no longer see any of Columbia any longer, as the fires faded, as the fissures were filled by this muck, as the muck digested the portals, we laughed as is our w-nt.

A tremendous void was born, a darkness having had no boundary, appearing with a depth to make the night sky jealous, and we laughed as is our want.

As our laughter filled this new forever void, we found our ways to one another. Our laughter joined and took a new shape of a silver sphere and burrowed its way into the mucky void of yesternows. Now, our laughter was no longer just ours, and it was no longer a way to find one another, it had inhabited something and began itself as something and we stood in the mucky void, wondering how, if ever, were we going to find our way out of this realm of non-sense, of un-sense, of no-sense, as I can see there weren't even smells anymore amidst this void, and I wish we could know if we were shaking or standing firm, however we were in a place of non-un-no-sense.

III.
Then we couldn't even believe it.
All of a sudden a tremendous body,
It had no face.
It had no name.
It had no genitals.
It had all genitals.
Pushed its silver skinless body
Through that damnable muck
And inhaled so deeply that
The muck,
We couldn't even believe this, that
The muck
Was swept right up
Into
Right
Up
Into
That
Tremendous body
The remaining space was filled with us
And some kind of pale blue
And lemon yellow
It was so bright and the
Tremendous body
Was so reflective that we had a hard time telling
What
From
What

by Bradley Chriss

~LENgUA~

by John M. Bennett

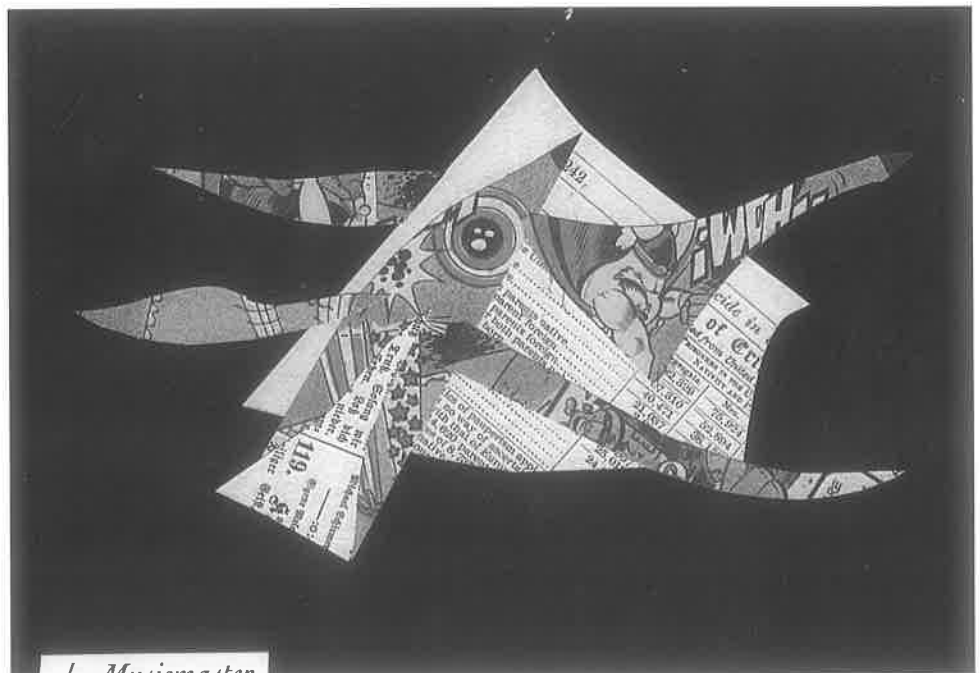
ojosesoojosesoojo
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sesoojosesoojoseso
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sesoojosesoojoseso
ojosesoojosesoojo

~TIj ERAS~

oXo



Vim Vom
Vim Vom
Vim Vom



John M. Bennett

s weep the ants a wa ve

ssky

em bed ded inn er

s lake a wal k

shapeless leg wind

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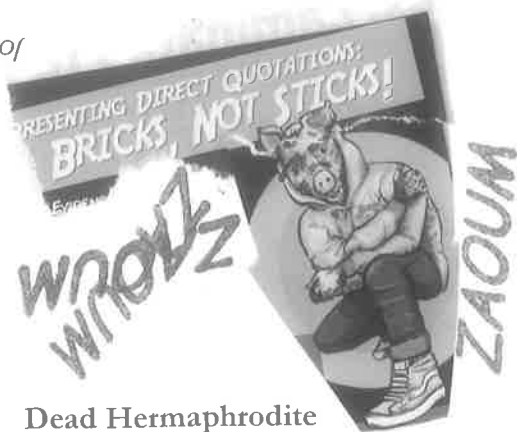
dr ink

engine floods

ENGAS TICK

swo ll rind

cacaretera



Dead Hermaphrodite

-for Bradley Chriss

wedged in rocks its skin soft and dying like mouldmoss
like a pillar in a pit
headbent limbspray
at the apex of the air that ate it
its pillar its pit
seething with the pinpricks of my eyes or of maggots

like something chokestuck
as it emerged to blink light

a dead word tailing from its lips

...nuebt...
in italics and strangled
as if a burrowrat squeezed the tongue
with the strongest lever on my body i forced the throat's door
the bloodthread italic wound round the tonsils
the tongue littered with spitcorpses

it was inside the ribcage
so i took it out

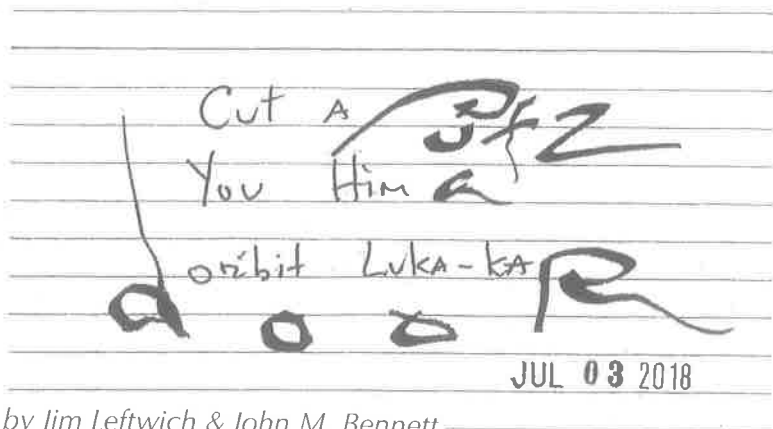
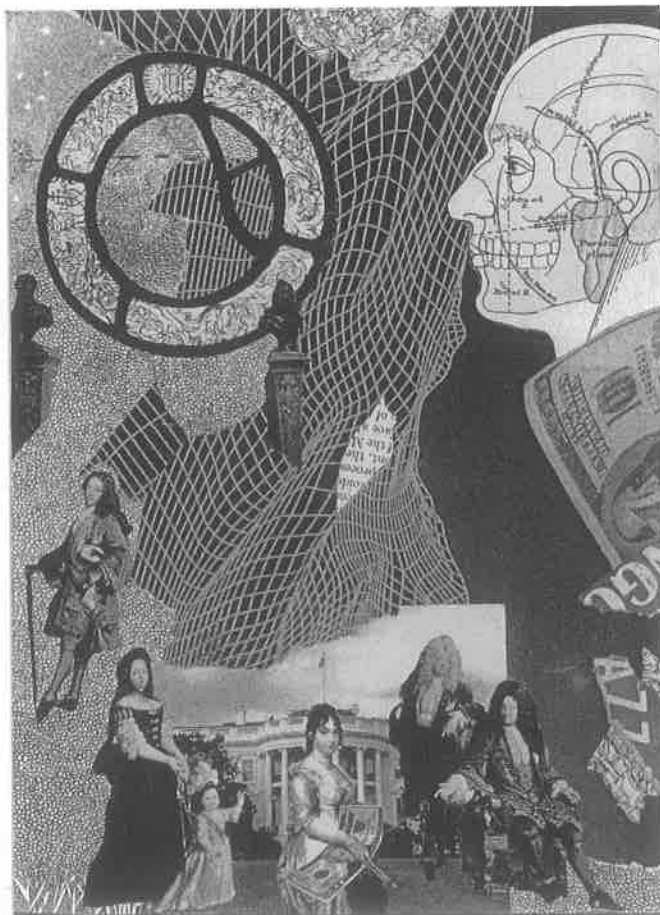
my hands read the pored slip
almost entirely vermilion

i read what it said
i read what it said

- Olchar E. Lindsann



by Steve Dalachinsky



- by Jim Leftwich & John M. Bennett

the cloudsmith's journey
(headstands bring me life) -
for Geoffrey Hendricks

- by Steve Dalachinsky

1.
flying as in BUTTERED
the becoming wi(n)dow / shaded
dream: reached within together's part
bottom greeting note
greensun written down beneath >
< the unrecognizable > to gather IN
here where water is forbidden /
& belly's nausea rises toward the mouth
coming out 10 X's as a state of FLUX
arose like hands within the death of yet another cloud
the cloud be always in flux & never die
but dissolve to then be solved again
a smithy pounding them into shapeless mantras
as the cane hobbled back to the tree
beborns worked a life long.

2.
colors referenced for sleeping window
become sun inside
no longer a question
these primaries re(a)d like a canvas of empty skycans.

3.
Oh (k)NO(w) the US in FLUX
marking the spot where a document travels
toward retirement a HO(l)E in soil
a soiled vest - safaris from soho to Chelsea
a vast human network of caring
activity being an AID to the weak
or strong
flag as signal / or sign of allegiance

a stomach = calm or upset vulnerability

a russian race horse full of PISS

a sudden siren opening (said sleeping window)

a hot tiring afternoon / filled with comraderie / love

gentleness can represent goodness
goodness can be ice cream...

4.
GEOF
got there
teachers are shadows
the only visible thing moved by a slight wind
the clouds on sabbatical / or in mourning
eyes crawl on paper wire
more men more women mormons
flew the coop
co-operatively

which came first?

don't count them!

dalachinsky nyc 6/30/18
at Quaker House at the memorial of Geof Hendricks



Geof Hendricks, *Headstand for Ben Vautier*

John M. Bennett

long piss' hot pain a cru
x it naft er h ovel) sh(an
air's age a kknack of gg
rabbing at the wall yr GL
ASSES THICK WTH VAS
ELINE it's thirsty ssoap
yr flange and yridica
was bhreakage in yr ton
sil ver me or ondo sin
astillas en el ojocancro
pasmódico sp ssoy, in the
bloody sea, beneath yr
throne""moon and crum
pled pockets)

BE BLANK

fulgor

where sweat crawls the
rain's shirt, assinmime
soy yo jájá nadalactic
log rotting under the
compost heap I off you
or tied the rope around
your eyes, frog cage, sapos
sordos del futreista


in uh there, underwhine

sticky pants

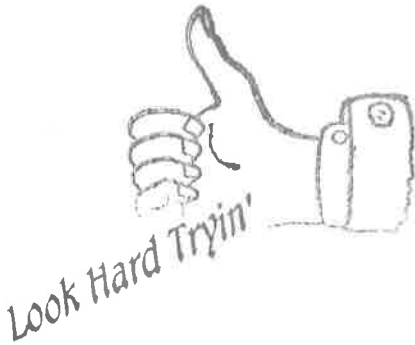
John M. Bennett

3 Zine Micro-Reviews

by Olchar E. Lindsann

O,  here have all the zines and chapbooks gone?

to PDF pixel-land
or else to Print-on-Demand-
The smothered night of micropress is long,
the avant-garde wants a
massive text-stash
though just Luna Bisonte
and monocle-Lash
and a few others labour
to keep burning cash
to put toner on paper:
And so we sleep in dreams of staplers til the dawn -



Of course there are others (*Stampzine*, *Letter Founder*, *TLPress*, etc.) but compared to when I entered the avant-garde nearly 20 years ago the numbers have plummeted. In the broader (non-avant) world, things aren't quite so dire – the 100+ tablers at the annual Richmond Zine Fest next month attest to this. So, here are some of the periodical zines that I've been following recently. I'll start doing the same for avant-stuff coming my way soon!

Hot Tag! Issues 1–3. by Dan Nelson, et. al. Philadelphia/Boston/Virginia. 12-24 pp. I'm not a fan of wrestling, but I'm a big fan of this wrestling fan/perzine. Dan Nelson and his circle of friends provide an enthusiastic yet critical, articulate and straightforward, progressive and genuine, confessional and social insight into the role that their shared love of pro- and amateur wrestling enriches their lives. Through the lens of wrestling, the zine touches on issues ranging from spectacle and myth to LGBTQ+ issues to RPGs to the history and economics of the Pro Wrestling leagues to struggles with addiction to practical dos-&-don'ts of wrestling as a hobby. I met them at the Richmond Zine Fest – very friendly, smart dudes. *Contact for copies etc. at hottagzine@gmail.com*

Ripped Off Razors, by "C", et. al. Asheville, NC. Issues 1–5. 6 pp. This eclectic per-zine is small, but lovingly produced in full colour – Issue 2 includes a small fold-out poster secreted within the signature-fold of a page. Its diverse contents focus on its young creator's exploration of an array of social issues and subcultures: each issue points the reader toward musicians, designers, comic artists & other zinesters comprising her cultural world. These take the form of lists, micro-essays, birthday announcements, reading lists, and the "Subculture Cut-Out Series" gracing the back of each issue, each of which depicts the paradigmatic fashions of a different subculture. These are interspersed with poetic personal essays, photography, introspective and sometimes non-linear comics, and digital collage, some by other collaborators. *Contact for copies etc. at greendolphinsaysoink@gmail.com*

VTZ Zine, ed. S.C. Woolbridge. Los Angeles. Issues 1–4. VTZ stands for: 'Volunteer Theme Zine'. For each issue, a handful of diverse artists and writers are invited to contribute a page; the work spans the confessional to the experimental to the humorous, from comics to poems to digital collage to fiction. The invited contributors suggest and vote on themes which, through a process too involved for this tiny notice, are whittled down to a single, always enigmatic phrase. These work more as open-ended prompts than the typical "subject-matter" themes typical to many journals, readings, and exhibits. Therefore, these themes work to pick out relationships between the diverse contributions, without bending contributors to "subject matter" removed from their creative concerns or (in the case of much avant-garde work) altogether disqualifying those for whom "subject matter" is not even a relevant category. The result is a loose, engaging, and unpredictable relationship between participants.

blit blat blit blat blit blat blit blat blit blat blit blat

Selections from
the Collab-Fest
Table @ AfterMAF
2018, by participants
& Guests - initiated
by Jim Leftwich
(These 28 following page)



hello pi'ckle the is s weat with your parfure.

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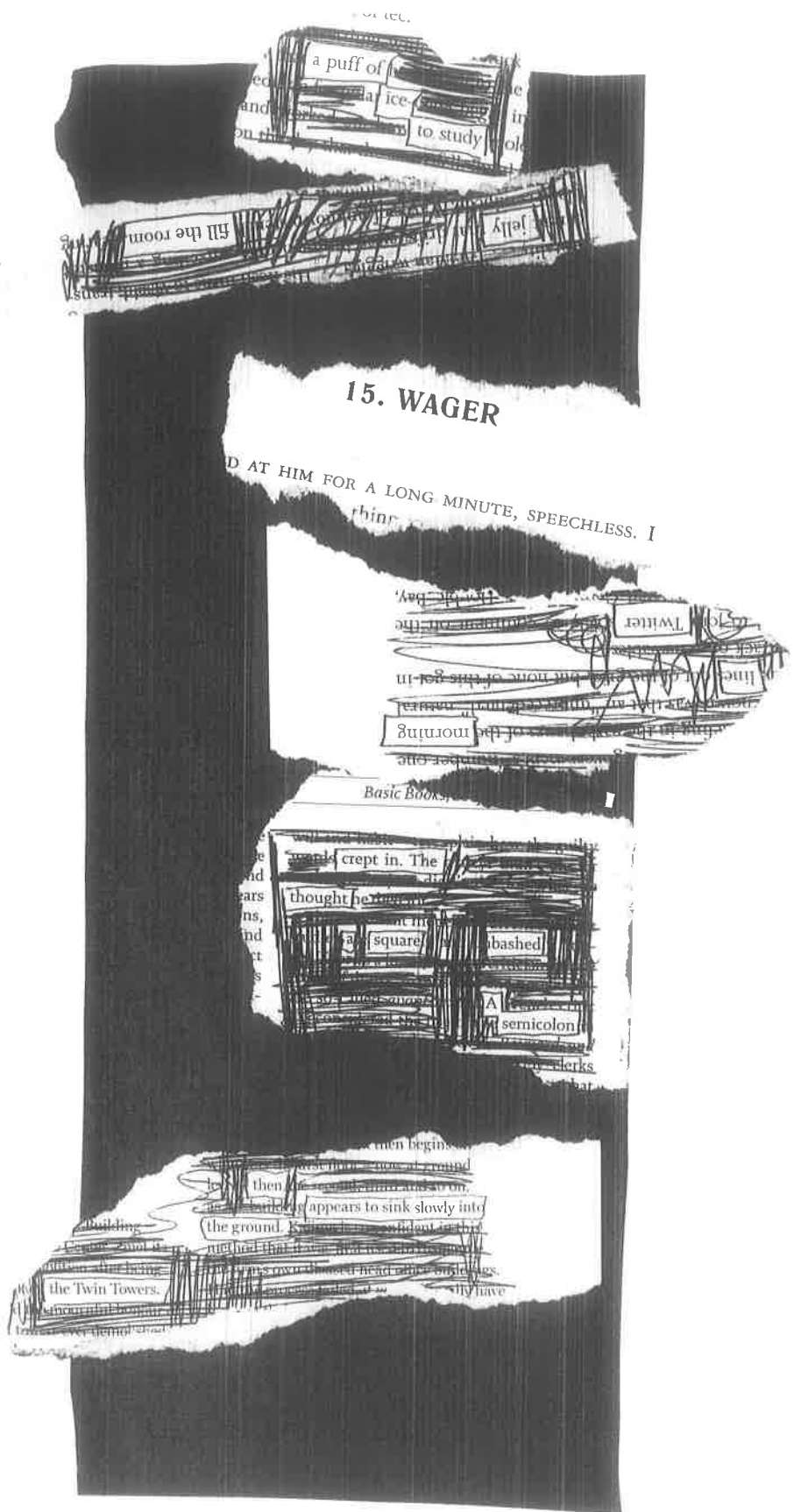
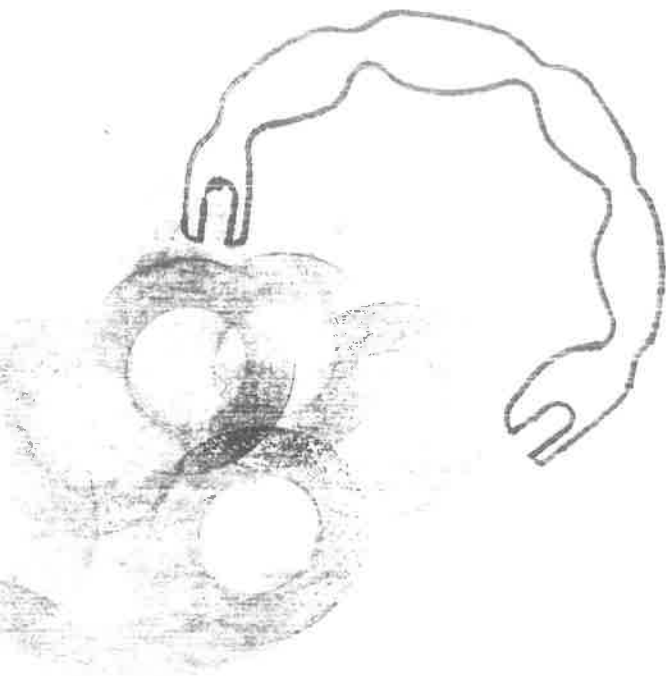
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YYYYYwhy

good

n ru junn





(more from the afterMAF
Collab Fest)

plays
Joshua: through a river.

By Guests of AfterMAF

Before we
can claim one
of God's promises,
we need to know
if He is talking
to us or not.

- Gideon: victory in battle (Jud. 6:16).
- Saul: abilities needed as king (1 Sam. 10:6).
- David: a son to build the temple (2 Sam. 7).
- Solomon: wisdom and riches (1 Ki. 3:10-14).
- Hezekiah: 15 more years of life (2 Ki. 20:5-6).

us, the
assume
unchanging
will continue
promise in rela.
people, for examp.
the Lord told the ap.
Paul, "My strength is
perfect in weakness," i
was addressing a spec
situation in Paul's life—
"thorn in the flesh" of
2 Corinthians 12:7-10.
that truth applies to all
people who recognize
weakness and reach

...s
orks.
our hand
2 desire of
hing. . . .
near to all
on Him, to
upon Him in
all fulfill the
se who fear
'so will hear
and save them.
ord preserves all
love Him, but all the
vicked He will destroy
(Ps. 145:9,16,18-20).

Before we can claim one
of God's promises, we need
to know if He is talking to
us or not.

What has God promised to all people?

A few of the promises that
apply to all inhabitants of
the earth include: salvation
to those who believe and
condemnation to all who
reject Christ (Jn. 3:16-18);
the assurance that, in the

ay to
ooses

alm 145
ile some
omises
eople, other
apply only to a

What I Did on My Summer Holiday

It was *cheap*—that was the main thing. You'd think people would be killing each other for tickets. You know how people are these days—everybody has to have a vacation. Pack the kids in the car and haul them off to Disneyland or Yosemite or wherever the hoards in their shorts and baseball caps are going this year. Wretched places, and Paris is no better any more, nor London, nor Tokyo, hell, not even San Paolo. I'd almost given up on finding a place where one can *really* get away.

Then Captain Paolombishu found me, with his glowing descriptions of a country I'd never heard of before, not even on the television or the internet, someplace where there were no *tourists*; in fact, almost *nobody* seemed to be going there—nobody I knew anyway. But it was a beautiful place, he assured me, and it turned out he was right. I forgot the name of it, but that's just as well. Otherwise it would be chock-full of vacationers by next season.

I was thus cautiously elated as I watched the odd travel-agent with his odd accent and odd-smelling cologne trundle away from me into the evening shadows. Odd, too, his business-methods; approaching strangers randomly in the street with crumpled brochures and greasy plane-tickets ready at hand—he seemed less like a travel agent than one of those shady hucksters peddling fake rolex watches. I'd almost brushed him off for that very reason, until the glint of gold beneath his coat convinced me to give him a chance. And he had a golden tongue, too—quite the speaker, at least as far as I could gather, though I admit I had some trouble with the accent. A very distinguished accent—very beautiful, graceful, exotic. That plus the gold had made me trust him. He clearly loved his nation—whatever the name was—and the ribbons and medals I saw under his coat, which he was too polite to mention, gleamed respectability. And his glowing descriptions of safaris, of nights under the open stars, of real adventure in a far-flung place distant from the contamination of travelers, of modern mumbo-jumbo. I would be able to see the *real* country, become one with its inhabitants, learn their ways, live their life. And the price! Of course, I could easily have paid for a month in Moscow or Madrid or Berlin—but why bleed so much cash only to be surrounded by *tourists*?

Admittedly, they *do* cut corners, this nation (something with a lot of "O"s...), but this merely accentuates the exotic flair. I was surprised at the 3 AM departure time, and even moreso when I found myself the only flier. I was even more startled—momentarily—to discover Captain Paolombishu squeezed into the tiny cockpit of the small, battered plane which, it seemed, would transport me on the first leg of my journey. So he was a pilot, not (as I had somehow assumed) a benign retired military officer of some sort. The ways of the world are inscrutable.

by Sir Chad Niral-Nelson

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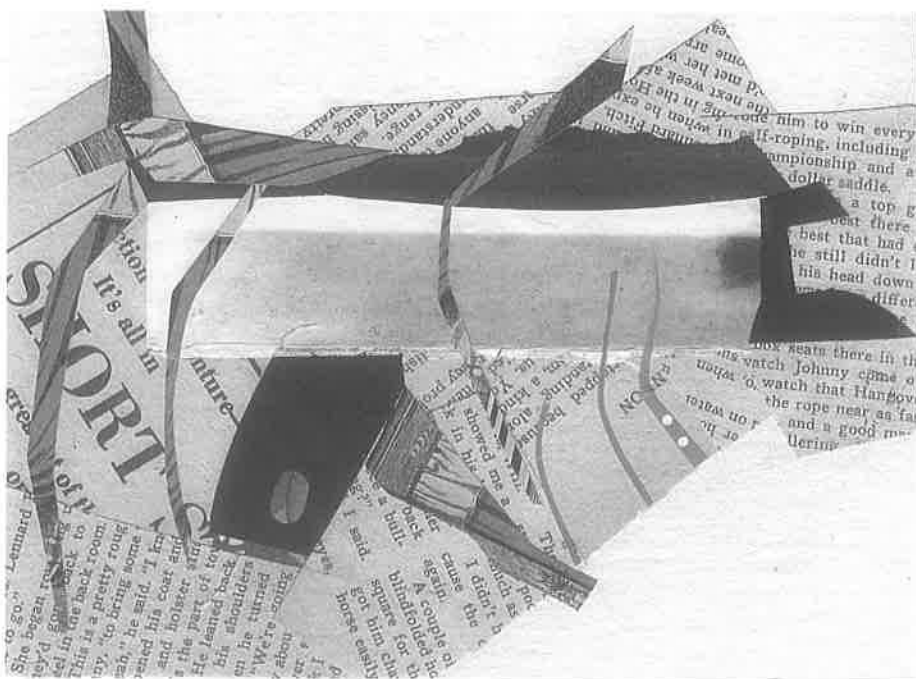
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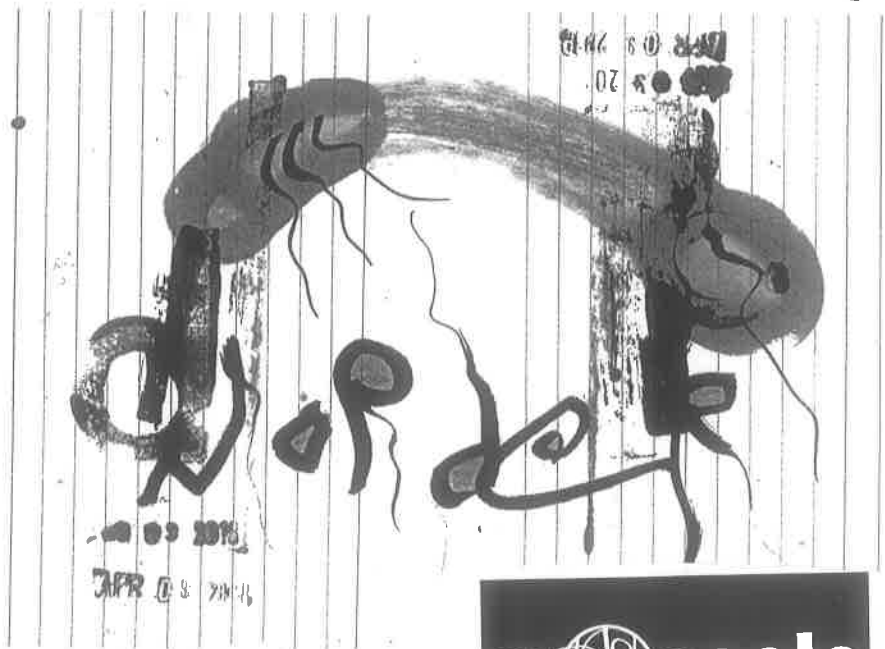
by John M. Bennett

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Jim Leftwich

John M. Rowlett

← via Robert Imhman



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